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traversed by a streak of the most brilliant azure. The horrible reptile had seized the unfortunate Jocko, whose limbs were already frightfully torn in the struggle, and exhibited large wounds from which flowed torrents of blood.

I never went out alone without a double-barrelled pistol in my pocket. I took it—aimed at the head of the monster, and wounded him. He immediately left poor Jocko; and raising his neck and bending backwards, was going to spring upon me, when a second shot put him to flight, and he went and expired about a quarter of a mile from the spot where this scene took place.

Jocko lay senseless on the ground, not only from the loss of blood, but also from the terror occasioned by the noise of the report of the pistol, without mentioning the natural horror which the sight of a serpent inspires in a monkey. I took her up, carried her to the hut, and laid her on her bed.

I had advanced towards the door of the hut—a shriek from Jocko brought me back by her side. I gave her some calming draughts, to diminish, if possible, the horrible sufferings she endured. For a moment I thought she was saved; her convulsions ceased—she seemed to breathe with less difficulty—the fever left her as by magic—“Jocko! Jocko!” exclaimed I. She turned her pretty little head towards me—looked at me with an expression of gratitude and affection which I can never forget—made an effort to rise towards me—fell again upon her bed, and breathed her last.

Three days after this I sailed for Europe.

MOVING BOG IN THE COUNTY OF GALWAY.

On Tuesday, March 28, 1745, as James Carroll, of Killeeny, Esq., was superintending his men cutting turf in the bog of Addergoob, about a mile and a half from the town of Dunmore, in the county of Galway; about eleven o'clock, the day being very sultry, he observed a sudden gathering of the clouds, and had hardly time to warn his men of the approaching storm, when the most violent rain ever remembered, fell, accompanied with a dreadful noise, not so loud, but as tremendous as thunder, a little to the east of where they stood; though they ran instantly towards a neighbouring village, they were completely wet before they had gone half way. This shower continued little more than an hour, at the conclusion of which the turf-cutters saw the turf-ground they had left, containing about ten acres, floating, as it were after them, till it rested at last upon a piece of low pasture, of nearly thirty acres, by the river side, called Higgin's-park, where it spread and settled, covering the whole, to the astonishment of numbers, and the very great loss of Major Carroll; as it instantly became the wettest and most unprofitable piece of bog in that country. This moving bog also choked up the river, which consequently overflowed the back ground, and before evening, a lough of nearly fifty-five acres covered the adjacent fields. The lake increasing every hour, Major Carroll, in a few days, collected labourers, and began to make a large drain to carry the water by the shortest cut to the bed of the river, now dry; but perceiving the lake forcing itself into another line, he assisted its operations, and without much trouble, formed the present course of the river to its junction with the ancient channel, below the late formed bog. Before the passage was finished, and the lake let to run, it was supposed to have covered three hundred acres, but in seven or eight days it diminished to fifty or sixty acres. The river below the bog was nearly dry for more than a mile; and children destroyed all the fish, even in the deepest holes.

A descendant of Mac Carty More, King of Munster, had in his possession the crown, sceptre, and other regalia, appertaining to his ancient dignity and family. He had also a cup, said to be made from the cranium of an ancestor of Brian Boiromhe, whom the Mac Carty had slain in battle. It was highly polished, and had a lid of silver. Another descendant of the great Mac Carty More is now living in very humble circumstances, in the county of Cork, and he has in his possession the title-deeds of the vast estates of that family in that county.

THE HOME OF THE HEART.

“You do not know,” said a maiden bright,
Wherein is the place that I most delight;
I named it at once—in the banquet hall,
In the merry dance and the festival.
“Not there—oh! not there,” said the maiden fair,
“The home of my heart I have made not there.”

In some far off valley, wild and sweet,
Where channels of softest waters meet;
Where the trees shade out the summer beam,
And the willow droops in the gurgling stream;—
“Not there—oh! not there,” said the maiden fair,
“Sweet is the vale, but my heart is not there.”

“It is far away by the grass-green grave,
By the silent sod where the yew-trees wave,
Where no sounds of mirth through the peaceful shade,
Disturb the repose where the dead are laid;—
‘Tis there, oh! ‘tis there,” cried the maiden fair,
“The home of my heart for ever is there.”

SWISS WAR SONG.

See, from Jungfrau's pathless peaks,
Down the headlong avalanche breaks;
It hath a voice—to us it speaks
A message from on high!
Storm clouds hurrying from afar,
Thundering, toll the 'larm of war;
Swords are flashing—sweeps the car
Of death and destiny!

Heard ye nought beside the wail
Of the fierce and frantic gale;
Hark! ancestral voices hail
Yon ministers of fate!
Hark again! what sounds are pealing
Down the hushed vale? wrongs revealing
That arouse each manly feeling;
Vengeance, love, and hate!

Dash, dash the tyrant's cup away;
Burst his fetters—spurn his sway,
Who will tremble, who obey?
By all we hate—not I
By our nests upon the rock;
By their hands who tend our flock;
By the Switzers, branch and stock;
By all we love—not I!

By our country's mangled crest;
By those fangs that tore her breast;
By the bravest and the best
Who fought and fell at her behest;
By their first and their last rest;
By them—by all—AWAY

POLAND

Shall fair freedom's oppressor now sink in repose,
And shall glory illumine her bitterest foes?
Shall the patriot sink under tyranny's chains,
And weep in the dungeon where slavery reigns?
Ah! no, it can't be, for Britannia's best pride
Is to conquer for freedom or fall by her side.

Poland's enslaved! sons of Albion arise!
Let the sweet cry of freedom be raised to the skies;
Let her banners victorious be waved on each height,
And summon each brave one to liberty's fight;
Let the autocrat know, that Britannia's best pride
Is to conquer for freedom or fall by her side.

BROMLEY ———.

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